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Robin.

FRANK W. O'MALLEY, '99.

THE spider's dew-wet web is spun
When shimmering the moss-rose flushes,
Each drop of dew a mimic sun,
As 'cross my lawn the robins run,
While from yon pine there gushes,
Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! Hol-lo!

*Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! from pine-top ringing,
Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! Hol-lo!
Hol-lo! gay robin's clinging, swinging,
And wak'ning sluggards with his singing—
Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! Hol-lo!*

"Come see my burning breast of red!"
(This robin is a proud, vain fellow)
"The earth smells sweet, the pansy bed
Is glowing like the sky o'erhead!"
A pause—then comes the mellow,
Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! Hol-lo!

And so throughout the April day,
Through gleam of sun and gloom of shower,
The robin lilts his jocund lay,
And all the time he seems to say—
Till night steals o'er his bower—
Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! Hol-lo!

*Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! from pine-top ringing,
Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! Hol-lo!
Hol-lo! gay robin's clinging, swinging,
And waking sluggards with his singing,
Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! Hol-lo!*

Music and its Secrets.

JESSE WILLIAM LANTRY.



RPHEUS, "whom universal nature did lament," no longer exists to move the rocks and tame the wild animals of the earth, and soothe the wilder hearts of men by his lyre; but music itself still possesses a wonderful influence over us. In modern times, especially, it deserves its rank among the fine arts as expressing the ideal by means of sound. A writer once said that music alone exists absolutely in him who listens; it has no existence apart from him; its real power depends on the hearer. If one be a musician, one can understand the feelings of the composer; if not, one will only feel them as one feels the rhythm of the ocean rolling in upon the beach. Besides music as an art, there is in nature a harmony that all men feel, and which conveys clearly the idea of the eternal composer—God.

The great effect this kind of music has on a listener is caused by the recollections it brings back to him. This force is not in the music itself; probably the thoughts it arouses in one person are far different from those it arouses in another. The wind whistling in winter makes what is often called music; and though it may give to one a feeling of cheerfulness, or recall the happy scenes of friends at home, to another it may be a reminder of unpleasant and dreary surroundings. Still, despite the different sensations we receive, there is music that pleases every lover of nature. From the welcome of the first birds of spring, to the rattle of the leafless trees in winter, at early morn or at twilight, there is always pleasure for him that listens.



Music is really a language. It speaks to our inmost soul; it expresses a thousand feelings that speech is too feeble to convey. It begins where speech leaves off. The most common example given to show the effect of tone is its effect on animals. When the master calls his dog, it does not understand the words, but it knows from the manner in which it is addressed whether correction or caress is meant. In poetry the music tends toward the more complete expression of the ideal; it goes hand in hand with the words, lending its assistance where the words are too weak, and becoming secondary while speech portrays the more material parts. But music, as a language, to be understood must be studied. We can not attain any idea of what a foreigner is saying if we do not know his tongue; so also in music; if we do not know its principles, we are entirely at a loss to find the beauties that lie hidden in its hallowed depths. To understand the problems in astronomy we must know its laws; to develop theories in any science we must have a knowledge of its elements; and in music there must be a high cultivation in order to derive from it what it offers to us.

When we hear music—real music—we hear it just as the nephew of Coleridge heard his uncle when conversing: "He soars up and floats in a higher atmosphere, almost too rare to breathe, but which seemed proper to *him*," so we are carried away by its wonderful powers and are elevated out of this world. Mr. Dwight made a very good comparison of our association with music. He says that it is like entering a church and seeing the far-off, pale, spiritual-looking man, but in vain do you seek to catch his words; but even if you do not hear them, you hear *him*, and feel his power over your soul. Of that sort is the eloquence, the influence, of music.

It seems that the great composers lived long before man was prepared for them; but if such men had not given us true music to elevate and guide us, we should likewise be in darkness and out of its reach. The musicians of previous ages were looked upon by many of their contemporaries as ignorant, useless men, who were apart from the rest of mankind. Have we any reason to censure these artists for remaining aloof? There were few to whom they could communicate their ideas, few who could appreciate what was done for them, and consequently these masters left their works to be praised by posterity. Like the Greek artist they were painting for immortality, and suc-

ceeded. We often hear the objection that men that devote themselves to music are careless, shiftless, and unable to battle in practical life. This may be true, but not of musicians alone. Look at artists, sculptors, poets—do they not live in a higher sphere, and do we not admire the grand productions of their skill? Each kind of artists forms a class; and if they can not find sympathy in the world, they retire to dwell in the companionship of their respective ideals.

Music does something more than merely convey feelings; it expresses more than sentiment, and by the various combinations used, certain thoughts are expressed more or less indefinite, still giving a notion of what is meant. The meanings given to chords and to the relations these chords bear to others portray different passions and describe different movements. Thus the major third is used in interrogations and appeals, the minor and major fifths in prayer and desire, the sixth where love is declared, and so on. If one knows the science of music, one can discover the ideas of the composer. Although they may be somewhat vague, nevertheless, a kind of feeling closely akin to his is awakened in the hearer.

It has been said that music gives us what we bring to it. But the question now arises: Does not music give more than what we expect from it? If a person knows the title of the selection to which he listens, he is almost forced to picture scenes that the artist wished to show. Of course, music is not able to expound a theory in ethics, to paint a view accurately, or to narrate successive events; but certain strains excite us in the same manner as written descriptions of things portrayed, and consequently we naturally associate the two ideas and understand music. Many enthusiastic admirers have gone too far in considering this property, and have written much that is untrue. This is detrimental to the art, and discourages those who are anxious to attain knowledge concerning its potencies. It conveys ideas, but only what is technically known as musical ideas.

We have a very indistinct idea of what ancient music was; but from the writings of authors we conclude that in olden times they cultivated music more for pleasure than for the art itself. We have records of Daniel playing before King Saul, of Sophocles accompanying his "Thamyris" on the cithara, of Æschylus making music for his own tragedies, and in many other places we find reference to skilled musicians. We can only infer what their music

was like from indirect methods; for instance, the rise and fall of the voice, the passions of their heroes, and the movement of the lines of verse that were sung to its accompaniment. They had no musical notation, and consequently we can not, in any way, tell what they knew of the science of music. It was never very profound, but rather light and pleasing to its hearers; probably more acute and rapid in moments of passion, yet always addressing the ear more than the intelligence. Music was first written during the time of Gregory the Great, and not, as is usually supposed, before; for in the writings of St. Isidore we find: "Unless sounds are retained in the memory they perish, because they can not be written." There may have been an imperfect musical notation, but it was not generally known or accepted.

Americans are made up of every nationality, of every temperament and disposition. This is all the greater reason why there should be some force among us almost silent, which will appeal more than compel, and attract more than command. Music possesses this power; it has an influence that can be evaded only by a few. It is really necessary for us, because of our varied natures, since it is a medium between the quick temper of the tropic nations and the slow deliberation of the North. A fault of Americans is that they are too ambitious; they are never satisfied, and they exercise all their energy in the pursuit of riches. They have not learned how to live the calm, easy life of the Germans, and they are an unsatisfied race. Germans devote a great deal of time to the enjoyment of their wealth in the theatre, at the opera and musical entertainments, which teach them the true value of music as an educator. They learn to detect the hidden beauties, to interpret the ideas of the composer, and compare these ideas with those of other composers, thus receiving that almost unconscious musical culture that characterizes the nation.

It is scarcely necessary to mention the great good derived from sacred music. Its object makes it a benefit to mankind. Its wonderful results, however, depend partly on the surroundings. It overcomes harsh sentiments, making us docile and humble; it creates in us a love for the good, a desire for heaven; it raises us above the earth into spheres of happiness, and finally makes us join in sincere praise of the Supreme Composer. If music can do all this, will anyone deny that it is a cultivator of manners as well as of morals? If it is able to influence even man's desires and, indirectly,

move his will, no one will maintain that it does not tend to elevate and induce him to follow higher principles.

Music includes sociability, inasmuch as it soothes violent impulses, and educates æsthetic tastes; it attracts us into its society, and holds us there as if by magic till we are completely in its power. It draws people together, making them closer friends, and it expels all enmity from its presence. In reading these statements one might think that we are exaggerating the potency of music; but we find all these qualities attributed to it in the writings of great musicians. They can understand its mysteries, interpret the complex ideas of its masters, and feel every tone as though it were a word spoken by an unseen angel. Harmony is pleasing to everyone, although there are some who are unable to distinguish between two notes; nevertheless these enjoy correlated sounds, not with the same intensity that a more educated person does, yet are overcome by an inward impulse too strong to resist. Mr. Louis Lombard says, "that music refines man is incontestible. Where no melodies are heard cruelty characterizes the people."

Now let us consider music in its relation to the individual. What more pleasing society is there than that of such men as Beethoven, Bach, Mendelssohn and Wagner, since society has received from them the perfection and beauty it possesses? What greater consolation is there than to listen to the sympathies music pours out on our troubled life, to live almost in its company, and consider it our truest friend?

Although all the fine arts are conducive to culture, music is especially so; for it is a more influential agent, inasmuch as it plays more on our feelings. It molds tone and manner from within, and, in a word, cultivates our manners where force and practice have long failed. Ruskin says that, "true music is the natural expression of a lofty passion for a right cause;" and what greater aim can be attributed to it than the pacification of uncontrolled passions?

Who Shall Say?

WHO shall say where lies the good of living,
Where lies the joy of every passing day,
Where lies the wrong of our failing and misgiving?
Who shall say?

Which the weed and which the flower growing
Strong in the sun along the dusty way?
Are we, the lords of earth, helpless, unknowing?
Who shall say? L. P. D.

The Truth about Galileo.*

BY THE REV. J. B. SCHEIER, C. S. C.

AUTHORITY OF THE JUDGES.

(Conclusion.)

The tribunal of the Index declared the doctrine of Copernicus to be false in philosophy and contrary to holy Scripture. Nowadays, however, that doctrine is admitted by all to be not only true, but in no manner opposed to Scripture. What argument against the doctrine of the Infallibility of the pope can be drawn from this change of front?

The congregations were instituted to help in the government of the Church, and—even when they speak in the name of the pope—have no character of infallibility. The object of the Congregation of the Index and of the Inquisition is to guard the deposit of faith. The Index is rather an assistant to the Inquisition. While a cardinal is prefect of the other congregations and presides over their meetings, no decree of the Congregation of the Inquisition is published without the consent of the pope, who, for that reason, may be said to be the prefect of the Inquisition. Hence it is that decrees issued by this congregation have great weight, and that erroneously they are thought to be as binding as a definition *ex cathedra*. This is not and can not be true so long as the decrees are published as decrees of the congregation, whether they have the pope's signature or not. Should the pope, after reviewing the work of any congregation, wish to give it the character of infallibility; that is to say, should the pope wish to declare both in his function of universal pastor and teacher of all the faithful and in virtue of his supreme Apostolic authority, that such a doctrine concerning Faith or Morals must be believed by all the faithful of the Church, then it would become a decree *ex cathedra*; then it would cease to be a doctrine and become a dogma.

To effect this the pope must have that intention, and that intention must be positively declared in unmistakable terms. In that case the name of the congregation may be mentioned in the Bull issued by the pope, but this is done merely to show the work of investigation, of preparation, and, as it were, the work of a committee; the definition itself is personal

with the pope, and is addressed to *all* the faithful. Whenever this intention is not clearly indicated, it is and must remain the work of the congregation. No matter how much the pope may wish and urge the publication of the decree; no matter how much he may be personally interested in the matter under discussion; no matter how much his private views on the subject may have influenced the members of the congregation to decide the question, as long as it is strictly a decree of the congregation, the prerogative of infallibility is not attached to it, although it be published by the authorization, or even the command, of the pope. Scheeben (I. 567) says that "these decrees have so strong a presumption of truth that—at least at the time when they are issued—one may and must give the necessary interior submission and approbation." The reason of this is that never at the time of the issuance of a decree has any one been able to show an error, and scarcely ever afterwards; that the congregations have therefore given proof of prudence and conscientiousness in their work; that these decrees are morally certain expressions of the tradition of the Church; and that these decrees participate to a certain extent in the supernatural protection that rests on the Chair of Peter. All the decrees coming from Rome have certain determined formulas by which they are distinguished. That the decree against the Copernican system is not a proclamation of the pope is evident from the beginning, which reads: *Decretum Sacre Congregationi*.—"A decree of the Sacred Congregation." This same decree had received the greatest publicity by the direct command of the pope, but the pope's signature is not attached to it. Six months later (Jan. 10, 1634), Descartes wrote that he had not yet seen Galileo's censure ratified either by the pope or by a council. True, for that ratification was not issued, because the decree was merely a disciplinary measure which seemed necessary in those troublous times. It is vain and futile to call into requisition the decree of 1616 as argument against the infallibility. Galileo's theory was rejected because it was theologically unsound, and because it was diametrically opposed to the then current opinion of philosophy. It requires no great mental acumen nowadays to see that the congregation made a mistake. But in 1633, when the Copernican system was deemed a mere paradox, and tolerated in the schools only as a theory, the learned men, the scientists, and the universities, were all loud

* Lecture delivered before the Columbian Catholic Summer School last year.

in their praises of the congregation that had saved science from ruin and disgrace. The congregation had judged according to the scientific principles generally accepted, and their judgment was wrong because the scientific principles of the time were wrong. Science had conquered science. No one thinks of taking Aristotle to task for the errors under which he labored; why then should the congregation be blamed?

It is characteristic as well as remarkable that liberal scientists clamor against the Church as soon as their utterances on scientific matters are censured by the Church, and they demand that the Church refer their correction to science itself. But as soon as a serious criticism is passed by science, then these same men have recourse to the Church. That was also Galileo's case. Let us see what the learned thought of Galileo's assertions. Galileo possessed, in a high degree, the gift of scientific intuition. No doubt, he was convinced of the truth of his view of the cosmos. But Galileo's imagination—a faculty which is of the greatest value in physical inquiries, as Sir David Brewster says—could not convince the scientists, and his argumentation by analogy could not remove their difficulties.

In those days it was not known that the earth is flattened at the poles, a fact which science now uses as a proof for the rotation of the earth upon its axis. The experiments with the pendulum were not at the disposal of Galileo. Kepler's proofs that all the planets at least move around the sun are not mentioned, still less taken into consideration, by Galileo. Bradley's discovery of the aberration of the light of the fixed stars has made the opposite system impossible, but that was not known in Galileo's time. Were the learned then so very wrong in asking for better proofs? Kepler himself wrote to Galileo that the learned both in Germany and in Italy did not favor the new system. Justus Lipsius calls Galileo's proofs paradoxal, a delirious assertion, and scientific heresy. Bacon of Verulam, who, with Galileo, stood in the front rank of scientific investigators and was an ardent promoter of the new empiric method, considers the proofs offered as whimsical assertions. Tycho Brahe warns Galileo against believing that he had sufficiently refuted the physical absurdities that cling to the Copernican hypothesis. Riccioli, in his *Almagestum* (1651), quotes several eminent scientists who disapprove of the system, among others Alexander Tassoni who

says that it is contrary to nature, contrary to physics, astronomy, mathematics and religion. In view of all these opposite opinions of the best scientific talent of the day, could the congregation give a decision different from the one that was given when Galileo insisted on having a decision?

IMMEDIATE EFFECTS OF THE DECISION.

No one can deny that for a time the prohibition of the Church apparently retarded the onward march of science. But to accuse the Church on that account of being opposed to science is drawing a conclusion not warranted by the premises. I dare say that, on the contrary, the prohibition of the Church was an incentive to scientific minds; and that, precisely on account of the prohibition, an activity was engendered which would not, perhaps, have grown without it.

Learned men, seeing that the Church was unwilling to accept as proof what in reality was but in the imagination of the scientist, became anxious to furnish that proof; and science, far from losing anything, must certainly have gained in depth and solidity. Unfounded theories are hurtful to science rather than beneficial. Were the learned afraid to work? Was Galileo's mind at rest after the condemnation? Far from it. The permission to read the prohibited books was readily granted to all scientists. The condemnation was given as a warning to examine carefully and to avoid accepting as positive doctrine that which was in reality as yet hypothesis.

The Copernican system was more and more studied, and gained every day a greater ascendancy. No better stimulus could have been given to study than the temporary prohibition. It looks as if Galileo's adherents felt in their souls the correctness of their system. Experiment followed experiment until the coveted prize was reached, and all doubts vanished. Thus, far from being an obstacle to science, the decree of the Index achieved, unconsciously perhaps, but nevertheless most effectively, the greatest scientific results.

VARIOUS KINDS OF DECREES.

No theologian, no council, no pope, has declared that any of the Sacred Congregations is infallible in its decisions. Hurter, in his *Compendium of Dogmatic Theology* (I. 680), writes: "The decrees of the Congregations are not infallible." (*Decreta Congregationum non sunt infallibilia.*) Cardinal Gotti (*De locis theolog. Bononiæ 1727*) writes: "The decrees of

the congregations concerning matters of faith and morals, when they are published as decrees of the congregations, are in themselves of great importance, but they do not furnish the theologian with a final and infallible argument." (Decreta Congregationum in materia fidei et morum ex se et ut a Congregatione ipsa prodeunt multi sunt faciendæ, sed non præbent theologo firmum; i. e., infallibile argumentum.) Lacroix (Theol. Moral. Coloniae 1729) writes simply: "The declarations of all these congregations are not infallible." (Declarationes omnium harum Congregationum non sunt infallibiles.) Although instituted to help in the government of the Church, these congregations enjoy not the privilege of infallibility which is the inalienable prerogative of the pope. He can no more transfer this privilege than he can transfer the primacy, for the legislative power in matters of faith can not be delegated. Bellarmine (lib. iv.) writes: "All Catholics agree that the pope, either with his counsellors, or even with a general council, can err in private controversies on a fact which depends principally on the information and testimony of men (See Liebermann, Vol. I. p. 483.) Cardinal Franzelin (quoted by Hurter, Vol. I. p. 504.) writes that the decrees of the congregations ratified and confirmed by the supreme authority of the Sovereign Pontiff are not on that account definitions *ex cathedra*. Schell (Dogmatic I. p. 163.) says that the definitions of particular synods and of the Congregations of the Cardinals, even if they have received the simple approbation of the pope, have no power to define, but have only a tentative meaning and importance for the development of the doctrine of the Church. And Pope Benedict XIV. subscribed to the doctrine of the learned Melchior Cano (quoted by Schell, III. p. 416.) who writes: "When the Roman Pontiffs publish books on any subject, they express their opinions as other learned men, and do not pronounce as judges concerning matters of faith." The addition of an anathema is not necessary; the invocation of the Holy Ghost and the auditory of the cardinals are not essential conditions of the dogmatic definition. Therefore, the decisions of the Roman Congregations, when they have only the ordinary approbation of the pope, are not definitions *ex cathedra*, and have no character of infallibility. More than this. Not everything that is contained in papal Bulls, not everything that is contained in the resolutions of a council, becomes an article of faith, but only that which is really defined. The explanations, the argu-

ments, may be defective, even wrong in part, and yet the point at issue, the real definition, must be accepted as dogma, if the conditions requisite for a definition *ex cathedra* as explained above, are present.

There is no Bull extant condemning the Copernican system. The document of Pope Alexander VII., dated March 5, 1664, approving and confirming whatever was in the Index gives no additional value to the decrees of the Index. They remain exactly what they were before. There was not the slightest intention of giving the decrees of 1616 and 1633 any claim to infallibility. There is an interesting account of this in Galileo's works where Pope Urban VIII. in conversation with the Cardinal of Zollern, said that the Church had not condemned the Copernican system as heretical, and that the Church would never condemn it as such, but only as temerarious, and that there was no danger that anyone would ever prove that system to be true. The fact that the system was now studied with as much and even with more zeal than before is perhaps the strongest proof that the pope never had the intention of condemning the system by special decree and in virtue of his supreme Apostolic authority. Therefore, Galileo was not condemned as a heretic. The cardinals did not consider the rejected doctrine as heretical. But anyone was suspected of heresy who called in question a doctrine generally accepted by theologians. Anyone who would defend or teach opinions rejected by the Inquisition was liable to be punished as a heretic; for he who does not obey the Church puts his faith in jeopardy. The behavior of Galileo, who had so audaciously withstood the authority of the officers of the Church, although he was especially warned and even threatened with a process, caused him to be regarded as suspected of heresy. The word heretical is harsh, and the distinction between temerarious and heretical was easily understood by all. Even in the heat of the discussion, the judges of Galileo were careful to avoid the odious term. In fact, the strongest expression used in the process was that it is a temerarious opinion which stands with one foot on the threshold of heresy—*opinio temeraria quæ altero pede intravit hæreseos limen*. The process uses also the expression "false doctrine," because the philosophy of the day considered it false; that is, no definition nor a decree of the Inquisition, but merely the statement of a fact which seemed incontrovertible.

But let no one imagine that the doctrine of the Infallibility was not known in those days. Melchior Canó, who died 1560, had expressly taught it. Dominic Gravina, who died 1643, wrote during the time of Galileo's troubles about the Roman Pontiff as the infallible judge in decrees of faith and morals,—*De legitimo et præcipuo magistro et iudice infallibili Romano Pontifice in fidei, morum et ecclesiasticæ disciplinæ decretis*,—and he shows that the papal decrees *ex cathedra* had always removed all doubt and opposition. Cardinal Bellarmine, F. Suarez, and others, prove that the doctrine of the Infallibility was well established. Liber-tus Fromond of Louvain, one of the most enthusiastic defenders of the decree against Galileo, gives it no further authority than what the congregation could give it, and guards against considering the system as being absolutely rejected until the head of the Church should pronounce it so. Doctor Murray of Maynooth (*de Eccles. Christi*, Vol. 3, p. 339) writes: "Since I first saw and read that decree it has always seemed to me that it ought to be numbered among the many and patent proofs of that singular divine Providence by which the See of Blessed Peter, amid the charges of the world, is always directed in those things at least which are necessary and relate to the indefectibility of that See and of the Church. In the affair of Galileo everything was carried out and accomplished punctually by the theologians and inquisitors under the authority of the Pontiff himself. The confirmation alone—done and issued *ex cathedra* by the Pontiff—of the definition of the Inquisition as the last stroke (*tanquam ultimum complementum*) was wanting in order that that decree might become a definition of the pope. To that end everything had been prepared and done; to the human mind there seemed to be no reason why the confirmation should not be given, and still that confirmation was never given. There was no obstacle to the Inquisition's issuing its definition, infallibility had not been promised to it; but that the pontiff should define it was hindered by the promise, 'The gates of hell shall never prevail against it.'"

REPEALABLENESS OF THE DECREE.

The decrees of these congregations are not irrevocable. Already in the 17th century the decree against Galileo was considered repealable as is evident from the words of Fabri who said to a corypheus of the Copernican system: "More than once have you been asked if you

had a proof for the motion of the earth, and you have never dared to answer affirmatively; find that proof, and the Church will not hesitate to explain those words in a figurative sense." Bishop Caramuel wrote similarly in 1651. About the same time Adrian Auzout of Paris, and in 1685, Kochansky, mathematician and librarian of the king of Poland, wrote in the same manner. Still more: Leibnitz wrote in 1688 to the Landgrave Ernst of Hesse to inquire in Rome whether the cardinals were not willing to take back the prohibition given *per interim* against the copernican system, and he remarked at the same time: "If the congregation would change the decision given at a time when the correctness of this system was not sufficiently clear, it could not injure the authority of the congregation, still less that of the Church, because the pope was not implicated in it; that there is no judicial authority that does not sometimes change its own decisions." Galileo himself said (1616) that the Church had simply declared that the Copernican system does not harmonize with holy Scripture. Even the word Church must be used here in its widest meaning: it signifies a tribunal within the Church having power to impose duties within certain defined limits.

If these laws are repealable, how far are the faithful bound to observe them? Every Catholic knows that he is obliged to obey the pope, even when he is not teaching *ex cathedra*, but merely in a directive manner. The Catholic yields obedience, not because he judges that the doctrine is infallibly certain, but because the doctrine is pronounced reliable. It is safe for all to embrace a doctrine thus proclaimed, and it is not safe to refuse its acceptance. This gives the key to the value of the declarations of the Roman congregations. Riccioli in the *Almagestum* states that "the decree of 1616 does not make it a dogma that the sun moves and that the earth stands still; but as Catholics, the virtue of obedience and wisdom will oblige us to stand by the declaration of the Congregation, or at least to abstain from teaching the contrary as positively true." It would be, indeed, very temerarious to contradict any of these decrees,—unless one had the most evident proofs of their containing an error,—since they emanate from a body of men competent and experienced, and are generally published with the simple permission of the pope. What Catholic does not know that thus he gives a religious assent to declarations whose authors are the acknowledged teachers

of truth? This religious assent does not consist in a mere reverential silence; it is a positive adherence to the decision, but only so far as that decision itself has authority. How many of these declarations have been proved to be erroneous? The fact that the enemies of the Church cling so desperately to the single case of Galileo proves sufficiently that there is none outside of it among the many thousands and thousands given by the congregation.

CONCLUSION.

In view of all these facts I would say that it is time to stop calumniating the Church, and to examine the question in an objective manner. "We have a right," says Father Baart (Roman Court, p. 102.) "to protest against many writers of the present day, who show bad faith in appealing to the feelings with respect to the Inquisition, which ought to be examined by the light of reason alone, if it is to be properly examined. The dungeons, the burnings of the Inquisition and the intolerance of some Catholic princes, furnish these enemies of the Church with one of their most effective arguments in depreciating her and rendering her an object of odium and hatred; for the generality of readers, without undertaking to examine things to the bottom, allow themselves to be influenced by their feelings and imagination, and are thus led away. Imagine what effect must be produced, amid our toleration, our gentle manners, our humane penal codes, by the sudden exhibition of the severities, the cruelties of another age; the whole exaggerated and grouped into one picture, where are shown all the melancholy scenes which occurred in different places and were spread over a long period of time. Moreover, such writers take care to remind their readers that all this was done in the name of the God of peace and love; thereby the contrast is rendered more vivid, the imagination is excited, the heart becomes indignant; and the result is, as they desire, that the clergy, magistrates, kings and popes of those remote times appear like a troop of executioners, whose pleasure consists in tormenting and desolating the human race." And yet, how far from the truth are such notions. Catholics have nothing to fear from the truth, on the contrary, they have everything to gain; and the Church desires nothing more eagerly than that the whole truth be known as it will be the best vindication of her past course—the grandest course which the history of the world offers to the view of mankind.

An Unappreciated Power.

FRANK R. WARD.

A railway wreck once forced me to stay overnight in a village in eastern Massachusetts. The only other guest at the hotel was a little old man with a dark, oily complexion and bright black eyes, who seemed to be a stranger in the country. He spoke English imperfectly and with a strange accent. Autumn was advanced well toward winter, and the old man, heavily wrapped in furs, never left his position behind the stove. He was silent but observant, not the slightest action escaped his notice, and he incessantly smoked cigarettes made from a peculiarly scented tobacco.

Everything was very dull in the little hotel, and soon after supper I left the office to go to bed. My departure was a signal to the other guest, who followed me upstairs and entered the room next to mine. I heard him call for more fire soon after, and then I went to sleep. About four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a choking sensation in my throat, and almost immediately I heard cries of "fire" from the ground floor. Hastily pulling on some clothing, I left the room and was already tumbling down the scorching stairway, when I thought of the old man.

A struggle, as fierce as it was short, took place between my fear and my humanity, but the better conquered, and I returned. The door was locked, but a kick from my heavy shoe (I had put on but one in my hurry) burst the slight panels, and as the key was on the inside, I put my hand through the hole and unlocked the door. The smoke was even heavier in this room than in mine. I picked up the unconscious body, leaving the bed coverings wrapped around it, and again started down the narrow stairs. By this time the kitchen side of the house, where the fire started, was entirely in flames.

When I reached the lower floor, I found the hotel keeper and his two servants busy trying to save the furniture. Up to our appearance they had entirely forgotten the existence of their two guests, and would doubtless have left us to burn if we had not saved ourselves. The old man and myself spent the rest of the night in a neighboring house, and the next morning I went on my way, after, at his urgent request, giving the old man my address.

Five years after this, on the evening of the

11th of May I was sitting in my room at my boarding house in Chicago, when I received a package from the maid. She said that a boy had brought it and had gone away immediately without waiting for an answer. In this package I found a ring with a large turquoise setting, and a letter from which I give the following extract.

"Being about to yield up to its Giver the life you so bravely saved from otherwise certain death, I send you that which I valued more than my life; for while I lived, I would not give it even to you who preserved that life. This ring has many magic powers, amongst others, it will warn you when death approaches, as it has already warned me. Never part with it; and when its warning shall have reached you, see that the ring and its setting are completely destroyed before you die, for there is a prophecy in my family which says that this ring shall pass into the hands of a Christian after the death of the last of my race, and that if he does not destroy it before his death, it will work untold mischief in the world."

Then followed a passionate appeal to Allah that blessings innumerable might fall on my head, and, though falsely addressed, I believe in my soul that his prayer was heard. The letter was signed only "Abu Saad." I put the ring on my dressing case, and went to bed still thinking of the queer old man and his gift; not that I put any faith in its magic powers, but its intrinsic value I judged must be very great.

The next morning when I started for my office, I put the ring on. I was quite happy over my new possession, and as I passed my landlady in the hall, I bade her a pleasant "good morning," but she seemed in a great hurry, and did not notice me. Out in the street the sun shone brightly and the air was cool and pleasant, owing to a shower that had fallen during the night. So instead of taking the cable car, I decided to walk down town.

I was well into the business portion of the town when I saw my friend Mortimer entering a furnishing-goods store, and though I hailed him in a loud tone, and I am sure he was looking toward me, he did not answer. As the man did not owe me any money, I could not imagine why he snubbed me. The sight of the store reminded me, however, that I needed some neck wear, but of course I could not follow Mortimer into this store. I went on a few blocks farther where I went into another place. I stood at the show case, examining the styles

for some time, but no clerk came, although there were several standing about idle. Turning impatiently to go out I saw a large mirror across from me and stepped over to look at my collar. But I could not find my image in the glass, though it showed the idle clerks and the show cases. I changed my position several times, but to no purpose. I thought for a moment that I had lost my wits, but then I concluded that the ring was the cause of the trouble, and that it possessed the power of making its wearer invisible. This explained the strange occurrences of the morning.

I determined to go to my club and take off the ring. As I stepped out of the door I met two young ladies of my acquaintance, and, taking off my hat, bowed to them. The fact that one of them looked straight through me into a milliner's window, and exclaimed to her companion, "Oh, Mabel! what a darling of a hat!" reminded me that I was invisible.

I hurried on to my club, and, without waiting to remove the ring, sat down in my favorite corner, and absent-mindedly rang the bell. The waiter came in and almost fainted when he saw no one in the corner. As he went out shaking his head in a puzzled way, a party of my friends came in and sat down around me. After they had ordered their liquor, they all began to talk about me. My brother-in-law began the list of my defects, and all the other men added items, each of which seemed worse than the preceding.

I left the club angry and disgusted with myself more than with my friends, for if I had not been so foolish as to continue wearing the ring after I found out its properties, my illusions concerning their friendship would never have been shattered. I went to my office and was once more favored, by hearing the way my clerks spoke of me. The office boy said as I passed him unseen: "The old man must have got jagged last night, he's so late this morning."

I went on to the inner room and opening a window, I took the ring from my finger and threw it out. It fell at the feet of a man passing beneath, and he picked it up. No sooner did he see how valuable it was than, without giving a look upward, he darted into an alley and disappeared. Then, too late, I remembered the command of the old man, never to let the ring pass from my possession. I hurried out to the elevator, surprising the loafing clerks as I went through, but by the time I reached the ground-floor and came to the alley, the man was gone.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—In the indoor contests at Chicago there were ten upholders of the colors of Notre Dame that struggled valiantly among the many athletes of the West, and succeeded in winning fourth place among the Western universities. More than a few looked upon this fledgling with wide open eyes, and wondered that it should be so ambitious as to flutter into the nest of grown-ups. Other colors were flaunted high, other favorites were chosen to win. In some cases at least the favorites fell, and this fledgling had reason to flap its little wings—which it did with extreme modesty.

Notre Dame has shown herself to be worthy of contesting with the best of the Western men, and there is little doubt that these men will acknowledge this fact. They that are of the Western Intercollegiate Athletic Association, who have seen Notre Dame in the tournament, have seen how much she can do. It is to be hoped, then, that they will make Notre Dame one of their number, for which Notre Dame would certainly be thankful and grateful.

Notre Dame's first year in track athletics is so far a brilliant one, and in the events to come there is much more sunshine or brilliancy of victory expected. To contend with the trained and experienced men of Chicago, Wisconsin and other western universities was a very large task. Yet it was done cheerfully and with fair success. The dual meet with Illinois on May 5 should be won by Notre Dame, if the men continue to improve as before.

Archbishop Ireland at Notre Dame.

On Friday the University gave welcome to the Most Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul. In the course of the scholastic year, many of the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in America have occasion to visit Notre Dame, either to lecture to the students or for the sake of friendship. Each year brings back old faces and old friends; and Notre Dame is proud to welcome them.

Among these old friends Archbishop Ireland is numbered. He has seen the University many times since he first came to know it, and each time his coming is a source of pleasure and profit to the students; for his words are full of inspiration. The morning was dreary, but for all that the reception was as bright as could be desired. The program was admirably arranged, and at ten o'clock Washington Hall was filled with students and visitors.

Mr. Thomas A. Medley of the senior class, in the name of the students of the University, made an address of congratulation and welcome. Mr. Medley's greeting was thoughtful, fresh and well expressed. It was cordial and enthusiastic, and met with great applause.

At Notre Dame there are many student-musicians who are ready to take up their instruments whenever occasion demands that they do so. Mr. Rowan, accompanied by Mr. Dukette, played a violin solo, and although the selection was exceedingly difficult for anyone except the professional violinist, Mr. Rowan rendered it with admirable skill. Mr. Edward J. Walsh followed with a graceful and carefully interpreted recitation. The University Quartet sang a new song which provoked an encore, and after the singers came the mandolin orchestra with some favorite selections.

At the close, the Most Rev. Archbishop responded to the welcome given to him. His address was an eloquent and elevated appeal for Catholicism and Americanism. He paid a beautiful tribute to our *Alma Mater* as a school of religion, science and patriotism, and he "brought down the house" by declaring his conviction that if a war should come Notre Dame would again furnish the chaplains and, as age would permit, a large body of student-soldiers. The SCHOLASTIC will publish a report of the Archbishop's discourse in its next number. His Grace was accompanied by Mr. Onahan, a most cherished friend of the University, and one of our *Lætare* Medallists.

Notre Dame at the Chicago Games.

The indoor athletic meeting at Tattersall's was very complete so far as the contests went; but the crowd of onlookers was somewhat spiritless and silent, except for an occasional burst of applause when some favorite over-topped his mark, and a swell of approving voices from another quarter when a favorite was overthrown. To watch everything was impossible. Down in the lower corner the men of brawny arm were putting the shot, while the athletes of the parallel and horizontal bars were writhing and twisting and turning, and the wrestlers were struggling and standing with tense muscles. Here and there were knots and groups of interested men gathered around the blanketed athletes advising and calculating. Then a pistol would crack down at the lower end, and a quartet of hurdlers would dash frantically through them all, each one struggling to be first, and rush into the mattresses at the upper end of the course. So it was through the whole tournament. Half the triumphs were won without applause, and half the failures passed by unnoticed by the many.

Notre Dame was for the most part considered an easy opponent by the wearers of the other colors before the contests were held. The wearers of the Gold and Blue had done little in Western track and field events, and the others feared nothing from them. Yet they made a doughty team, as was discovered at the end, and will hereafter be held in higher regard by those who will try to defeat them.

The results of the contests for universities were as follows:

Four hundred and forty yard run—O'Dea, Wisconsin, first; Jackson, Northwestern, second; Fair, Chicago, third. Time—0:52 3-5.

Eight hundred and eighty yard run—White, Chicago, first; Smith, Chicago, second; Mosely, Wisconsin, third. Time—2:05 1-5.

One mile run—Smith, Chicago, first; Beers, Chicago, 2d; Henry, Wisconsin, 3d. Time—4:31 3-5.

Seventy-five yard dash, final heat—Burroughs, Chicago, first; Jones, Northwestern, second; Maybury, Wisconsin, third. Time—:08

Seventy-five yard hurdles, final heat—Herschberger, Chicago, first; Burleigh, Illinois, second; Brown, Northwestern, third. Time—0:10 3-5.

Two hundred and twenty yard dash—Fox, Wisconsin, first; Burroughs, Chicago, second; Farley, Notre Dame, third. Time—:24.

Eight hundred and eighty yard walk—Hoagland, Illinois, first; Parker, Chicago, second; Hartman, Chicago, third. Time—3:26 3-5.

Relay Race—Chicago; first; Northwestern, second; Illinois, third.

Pole Vault—Powers, Notre Dame, first; Herschberger, Chicago, second; Leake, Chicago, third. Height—10 ft. 9 3-4 in.

High Jump—Powers, Notre Dame, first; Mason, Wisconsin, second; Byrne, Illinois, third. Height—5 ft. 9 in.

For these eleven events the order of the teams in the division of points was—

CHICAGO.....	42
WISCONSIN.....	22
NORTHWESTERN.....	13
NOTRE DAME.....	12
ILLINOIS.....	10

To those that have the interests of Notre Dame at heart these results must be satisfactory. The track team is new, very new, yet, and without any experience. To enter such a contest as was the one in Chicago and win such laurels as it did among the Western athletes, is nothing less than victory for the team. Had it been older in practice it would easily have made third and made a much better showing.

Captain Powers was Notre Dame's best point winner, and undoubtedly will be so throughout the season. He has had experience and has also the happy power of doing better in the contests than in practice. He took the first place in the high jump with ease. In the vault he first tried the fourteen-foot pole, but made the highest mark with the twelve-foot practice pole.

The runners of the team did good work, though far behind the winners. With more practice and experience they will all make good men, worthy of contesting for any prize. Farley in the two hundred and twenty yard dash fell back too easily at first. At the end he spurted well. Rowan became flurried in the half mile walk, and took one or two steps in a running way, for which he was ruled out. At the time he was walking well only a few inches behind the winner.

As for the others of the team, steady practice will work a great change for the better. The Chicago games have done very much good in giving them experience which they need most; and the results have been encouraging rather than disheartening. There are other meets to take place in, and hard work in the right direction will make the points in contests to come.

College Spirit.

The fact that every college has an atmosphere peculiar to itself is deeply impressed upon all that have given their attention to the subject. Situation, environment, local customs and traditions—all go to make up this intangible something that men call college spirit. The name itself may be construed to mean almost anything; but the essence remains unchanged, for it is unchangeable. Different—often widely different—constructions are placed upon its meaning, which is shaped by usage and altered by circumstances; but the essential element is found in the obscure academy as in the magnificently equipped university; and its vitality, its heart's blood, is loyalty—loyalty to college and to principle. It is the spirit of Athos, Porthos and Aramis, broadened and purified, and its watchword is—"One for all, and all for one."

It is this spirit of unflinching, self-sacrificing love of his *Alma Mater*, and his zealous regard for her honor, that makes a college man a patriotic citizen. He carries into the world the single-hearted devotion to truth that his college life fostered within him; and with it is a kindlier feeling of tolerance and charity. He is ready to forgive small faults, or great ones, if the intentions that prompted the acts were good. He will overlook minor defects, or sink them in the glory of the whole; and through trial and tribulation he is true to his colors.

Of this intense loyalty are often born rivalry and competition, and some of the greatest works of man can be traced to the struggle for superiority between schools. Scientists have achieved triumphs in their fields of labor; explorers have penetrated the deserts and scaled the mountains of foreign lands; composers have sung, and our literature has been enriched beyond measure by college-bred men. And why? Not in every case for money or fame. No; many times because the honor, the progressiveness, or the soundness of a college had been questioned, and a son of the old university had replied. Where will you find more genuine pathos than in Webster's argument in the Dartmouth College case? Ay, that was college spirit! And it is college spirit that makes every alumnus a lover, and, if need be, a champion of his *Alma Mater*.

In our undergraduate life, it is college spirit that courses like fire through the veins of our favorite half-back as he hurls himself gallantly

across the line for the winning touchdown. It is this spirit that animates his fellows on the side-lines as they cheer him for the victory he has won. It is this spirit that sends our flag to the top of the staff and nails it there, pure and unsullied.

It is a good, nay, it is a holy thing, this meeting of hearts and hands, this plucky battle against fearful odds, this bond of close friendship which welds hundreds of men into one tremendous force, bearing down all obstacles before it, and, with a fair field and no favor, rejoicing when the best man wins.

In after years, when we are battling in the world, there will come moments in which we shall forget the storms and cares of our daily toil, and our minds will wander back to our quiet, peaceful college life; and the recollection of our old friendships and of our glorious old college will be one of our sweetest memories. And this again, is college spirit.

L. T. W.

The Poet's Year.

Springtime, for a few days, seemed to have come to us out of the snow and cold; but it was merely a quip of the sun of ours that is in the habit of doing queer turns in northern Indiana. Spring, however, will be with us soon, for which time this homily is prepared.

To you, no doubt, the warming sunshine, the greening grass and budding trees and all that sort of thing, are so very beautiful that you must give them a bit of welcome. The dreary old winter is off your hands.

The air of contentment creeps over you and leaves you in a kind of wistful, easy-going condition. The fever comes on and you live in pleasant idleness—for in springtime the most energetic like to idle away good hours. If you give way to these inclinations, the days will drag on slowly, yet so fast that you will find yourself in the toils of the final examinations ere you are aware of it. Take the advice of old SCHOLASTIC, who has seen a goodly number of spring days. If you wish to finish the year well, work hard during the days of the first sunshine. You have little time to sigh away in present contentment. Mind you, if you work, June will be with you in a day, and you may then give yourself up to the unrestrained enjoyment of summer idleness. You can afford the loss of no moment just now. Besides spring is as pleasant to the worker as to the drone.

Exchanges.

We are glad to welcome *The Brunonian*, which has been "among the missing" for several months, back to our table again. "An Accident or an Incident?" in a late number of *The Brunonian*, is a very clever short story, well told and well constructed. It is easily the best short story we have seen in a college magazine. The writer, who modestly signs himself "Reggie," has undoubtedly been strongly influenced by Mr. Davis. There is much in his story that reminds one of "Van Bibber and the Swan Boats," but the resemblance is far from being servile imitation. The Board of Editors have always been proud of "Brown Verse," and well they might be. The page still contains many bright bits of verse, but in our opinion it has fallen off somewhat of late.

* *

A writer in *The Varsity*, who signs himself "Scotia," has an essay on Robert Burns in which he allows his love for Scotland and all things Scottish to run away with his judgment. "I do not lay claim to any great originality of view with regard to Burns' writings or his personal character," he says, modestly, in the beginning of his article; and then he straightway contradicts himself by telling us that Burns is "as great in his gifts of song as Shakspeare is in dramatic genius." We learn also that "no name is so well known throughout all English-speaking countries as that of Robert Burns;" that "'Tam O'Shanter' is really an epic," and that Burns was merely guilty of "occasional excesses." "Scotia" would have us believe that Burns was one of the greatest poets the world has seen, if not the greatest, and that the occasional (?) excesses of his private life were caused by fate rather than by any evil tendencies of his own. "Scotia" describes his own case exactly, when he tells us that "the love of Scotland for her poet is a love that forgets all and forgives all."

* *

For the benefit of the *De Pauw* Palladium we wish to say that Notre Dame failed to gain admission to the State Oratorical Association simply because the Association is now large, and for no other reason. In the State Contest held in Indianapolis recently, orations were delivered by representatives from De Pauw, Franklin, Earlham, Wabash, Butler, Hanover and Indiana University. Seven orators, especially student orators, are quite enough for one

night, and the Association can not be blamed for wishing to keep the programme within bounds. Notre Dame would undoubtedly do creditable work in the Association; but in the present state of affairs we shall have to wait our turn before we enter the contest.

Our Friends.

—Mr. Adam Kaspar, of the firm of Durand, Kaspar and Company of Chicago, visited his sons during the week.

—Mr. Joseph V. Sullivan, valedictorian of the Class of '97, and a member of the SCHOLASTIC Board of Editors last year, is reporter for the *Chicago Chronicle*.

—Mr. Edward E. Brennan, '97, is studying law at the University of Indianapolis, and Mr. Thomas T. Cavanagh, '97, is a student in the Law School of Harvard University.

—Mr. Harry Woods (student '87-'80) was married to Miss Amelia Luke at Canton, Ill., on February 22. The SCHOLASTIC wishes Mr. Woods and his bride all possible success and happiness.

—Mr. A. M. Pritchard (student '91-'96) is practising law in Chesterton, West Virginia. He opened his office only a very short time ago, but he has built up a lucrative practice, nevertheless. Mr. Pritchard has our best wishes for success in his chosen profession.

—On February 22, at the home of the bride in Helena, Montana, occurred the marriage of Mr. Robert Galen (Law '96) and Miss Ethelene Bennett. Mr. and Mrs. Galen have the best wishes of the Faculty and students of Notre Dame, and the SCHOLASTIC joins them in extending heartiest congratulations.

—Mr. Gerlach, whose two sons, Edward and John, were students at Notre Dame in the early eighties, died recently at his home in Ohio. We extend sincerest sympathy to the family of the deceased. Mr. Gerlach was always a warm friend to Notre Dame, and the many here that knew him will be pained to hear of his death.

—We notice in the *South Chicago Daily Calumet* a letter from the Post-Office Executive Division in which there is a glowing tribute to the executive ability and worth of Mr. Patrick T. O'Sullivan. The letter also contains Mr. O'Sullivan's reappointment to the position of superintendent of the South Chicago Post-Office, and assures him that he will retain the position as long as those now in office have the power of giving it to him. Mr. O'Sullivan was graduated in the Commercial Course in 1874. The SCHOLASTIC voices the *Calumet's* glowing tribute to the new superintendent in every particular.

Local Items.

—LOST.—A small black-and-tan moustache. Please return to Lucien Wheeler.

—The pleasant evenings of the past few days have been filled with melody by the boys on the campus.

—LOST.—An emerald scarf pin in the Brownson Gym. Finder please return to George A. Cypher, Brownson Hall.

—Jerome Crowley reports that there is a run "On the Banks of the Wabash." Some more McKinley prosperity this.

—The S. M.'s will be organized shortly. Several candidates were on the field last Wednesday showing what they could do.

—The first outdoor baseball work began Tuesday. The boys showed up well, and the few vacant positions on the team can easily be filled.

—Thomas and Howell are collaborating a book on Duck Culture. They are eminent Duckologists, and the new work will be a valued acquisition to scientific libraries.

—Metcalf bears so close a resemblance to William Ewart Gladstone that photographers have refused to make pictures of him for fear of violating the copyright on Mr. Gladstone's picture.

—Colonel Jim Sanford of Kentucky is working on a military plan for the liberation of Cuba and the extirpation of Spain. It will be made public at the next war council. It is believed he could starve them.

—Down near the green gas-pipe gate, which marks the place where the stile once stood, is a dwarfed, distorted cedar tree. On the third branch from the top is an old nest, once occupied by robins. But the robins have flown. So has the stile.

—Reverend President Morrissey has examined the classes in Saint Edward's Hall. His kind words of encouragement and praise of the work done since his last visit will make the Minims work with renewed energy until the next examination.

—The Carrollites are becoming very ambitious in athletics. A track team has been organized, and some of them have showed themselves to be clever at the pole vault and jumps. In baseball the special team take a turn in the cage and have continuous indoor practice.

—The Brownson Hall boys sing far better in chorus than the Sorinites. Last year it was just the reverse. Since the warm weather the Brownsonites gather every evening down by Machinery Hall to sing their favorite songs. It is certainly a very enjoyable pastime, and the boys sing well.

—The indigent population of Chicago have keen preceptive powers, they know at a glance

a free-handed man, and when our boys were there, who would they be more likely to strike than Peter Wynne. At every turn he was accosted by a hungry man asking for bread, and Peter's small change was soon exhausted.

—Weather forecast of next week is as follows:—Monday, warm, gentle winds from the southwest; Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday (recreation day), violent snow storm, temperature low, hail at night; Friday, warm with gentle wind; Saturday (recreation day), thunder and lightning; Sunday, more thunder and lightning and worse than the day before.

—We believe there are a few Sorinites left who have not a musical instrument of some kind in their rooms. Now this should be remedied at once. Let the bedlam be general. We have in the Hall, cornets, trombones, guitars, mandolins, French horns and a score of other instruments with plenty of volume but no name. We would suggest that there be added to this variety of disturbing forces, a few base drums, kettle drums and a steam caliope.

—Below here lies a famous man,
Or one we knew as Jim,
The wiser called him Conway,
For he had a "con" way with him.

His future abode we can hardly name,
But we trust the happy fates,
Have started the game,
That won him fame,
With shells from the "Pearly Gates."

—The philosophers, who so far forgot their creed as to feed their bodies with a banquet, seemed to have lived a most pleasant evening. John Byrne went so far as to smoke a cigar,—what kind, goodness knows. Then the dreamer said some horrible things which John did not quite understand, but laughed at just the same. What will happen when St. John O'Sullivan becomes a philosopher and eats and drinks? There will happen worse things than smoking cigars.

—Mr. Editor:—Since I came here, I have often been asked if I was related to the John Adrian or J. Quincy Adams. I don't think so; none of our folks have ever lived in Quincy, or had any dealings with the Quincy Adams. To my recollection we have had no president in our family, but we expect to some day. I do not know anything about the other Adamses but ours, we are direct descendants of Adam and Eve, and have lived in Montana ever since.

Yours truly, M. Adams.

—The philosophers, who are usually wont to be so grave, occasioned surprise among the under class-men, on Monday by forgetting their usual sober manner and passing the day in pleasure. In honor of St. Thomas and through the kindness of Very Rev. President Morrissey and Rev. Father Fitte, the occasion was made the pleasantest of the year; and there was a goodly number of logicians and votaries at the

shrine of St. Thomas, that lost a golden, valuable day, as our maxim-makers say, but which day of idleness gained two of work.

—Tomj Dilyon and Fjeromj Crolée will leave for New York tomorrow over the long distance telephone. From there they start on a polar expedition. Dilyon goes as a representative of the great daily, the "Yellow Fever," and Crolée the Norwegian "Gæsunthiet." Dilyon claims to have discovered a sure route to the North Pole. His theory is that there is a stratum of solidified air at a height of 9899 miles above the sea-level. He will ascend by pneumatic pressure to this stratum and then proceed north by bicycle. Crolée is in charge of the provisions and Dilyon carries the compass and cyclometer.

—When George Wilson went to Chicago last week, one of the students gave him a letter to be delivered to a friend in that city. The student expected George to deliver the letter in person, so he added a few lines to the note, by a way of introduction, stating that the bearer was one of the crack men of the Varsity nine. George could not deliver the note, so he sent it by the colored porter from his place. The porter delivered the note, and when the young fellow read the postscript he turned his astonished gaze on the porter, and asked if his name was Wilson. "No, sah. I wuks for Mistah Wilson." When the porter returned he asked George what was in that letter that made the fellow look at him so funny.

—The sweet little philanthropist smiled a soft, giddy *hee haw* to himself and buried his forefingers in his waistcoat pockets. "Ah, the springtime hass come. The snow s'all gone and the south wind are blow. The March will soon be gliding into April: an' the days will quick creep into June. Then I will haf one li'le nice time wiss Eugenie. We s'all rome all time in the garden by the back yard. I s'all lie down in the turnip leaves wif my chapeau over my eyes, and Eugenie will laugh and run about plucking the sweet cabbages and lopping off the potato blossoms. N'en I s'all laff an' say, "Miss Eugenie, I guess you think I'm blamed fool," an' she will say "you jus' bet your elongated whisker." Oh! she is fine girl, Eugenie.

A COMEDIETTA.

SCENE—Corner of the street. People of the play, Jones and Smith.

JONES BEGINS—"Hello, Smith!"

"Hello."

"Say, Smith."

"Yes."

"Do you know it's funny."

"What's funny."

"I say it's funny how men spend—"

"That's not funny."

"I mean—you know—sometimes we spend our money."

"Often."

"Sometimes all of it."

"Often."

"Then we are hard up."

"Often."

"And just about that time bills come in unexpectedly."

"Often."

"And a fellow must pay."

"Certainly."

"And there is only one place to get money."

"Yes."

"That is from his friends."

"Yes. Now, Jones."

"Yes."

"Sometimes when you strike a friend—"

"Yes, yes."

"He happens to have as many bills and as little money as yourself."

"Oh! yes! Good-morning; I'm in a hurry."

"Good morning, Jones. Tell Bilkes to come down to the club tonight."—*Exeunt.*

This little comedietta is acted every day, many times every day, in Sorin Hall, and quite as likely in Brownson, or wherever men exist. There are a score of Smiths and Jones; the only difference may be in the catastrophe. It may be, "sorry, Jones, but I just gave the last to a friend. Can I do anything else for you?" Which last sentence is quite as tantalizing and insincere a question as can be asked. In all cases, however, the comedy ends in this way: Jones is disappointed and Smith is wise.

—Willie K. Glerr yesterday received a new patent alarm clock to wake him up in time for prayer, mornings. It is a somewhat complicated affair, weighs about 87 pounds in its stocking feet, and is five feet high, stripped. When the sleeper retires for the night he wheels the clock over by his bed, and goes to sleep with that satisfied, contented feeling born only of the knowledge that one is going to get up in time for prayer. The clock works something like this: At the designated hour, a small spring unwinds, and in so doing a bar fastened on the spring strikes a lever, thus turning on an electric current which immediately sets off 27 bells, gongs and fog-horns of different sizes. Seven pistols loaded with paper-wads, camphor-balls and red pepper are attached to the clock with the barrels facing the sleeper. These are all fired off at once, and the wire which causes this commotion also sets in motion a revolving wheel upon which are fastened baseball bats lined with sharp nails. The bats revolving rapidly, and striking upon the small of the back, tells the sleeper that it is time to get up. At the left hand side of the clock is a soap-box filled with fire-crackers, parlor matches, small cartridges and dynamite. A live electric wire, communicating with the box, ignites the fire-crackers, and a long copper ladle dips automatically into the box and scatters the fire crackers amongst the bed-clothes. Several clinched iron fists also get in their work on the sleeping

victim after which he is supposed to be thoroughly aroused. Last night Willie wheeled the clock over to his bed to try it, and went to sleep. This morning he wasn't at prayer. Anxious friends knowing that he had the assistance of the alarm clock, went to his room much surprised. They found Willie dead in bed. Now the question arises: "Was Willie a suicide?"

KLONDIKE, Feb. 10, 1898.

MR. EDITOR:

Having found my lead pencil I am able to send you a letter this week. I ran across Nellie Bly the other day helping her mother peel the potatoes. She wishes to be remembered to all the boys. Also met Grover Cleveland wheeling a baby-carriage in Never Thaw Park. I happened to pick up his cigar that he had laid on a rustic bench while he scratched his head, and in that way we got into a little conversation. Grover tells me that he has just been appointed constable. He also informed me, on the quiet, that he was for gold. By the way, the gold feeling is very strong up here.

It may probably interest the boys to know that "Red Miller" has just arrived. He sends his regards to Hesse, and wants to know if Powell can spare that ten cents yet. "Red" says that when he wakes up in the morning after a night's rest in Open Air Camp on the Chilkoot Pass, he always thinks of the First "Dorm" in December.

I happened to run across Charlie Ross the other day selling ice-cream. He told me not to let on that he was up here. Wants to come back and surprise his friends some day.

I struck a rich claim the other day, but later found out that it belonged to some one else. Met Dr. Parkhurst last evening selling hot waffles. Doc said he was thinking of going back to New York to wipe out Tammany, but on second thoughts decided to stay where he was.

A great deal of slang is used up here, and I trust you will overlook any little slip I may make in this regard, but on the dead, I am pretty short on coin. Can't run my physiog any longer, and if some duck doesn't get a jersey and shuffle up with the dough I shall have to hit the pecker before the next moon bobs his nut.

BLAHAH.

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